



# Geronimo Stilton

## MICEKINGS

### STAY STRONG, GERONIMO!



SCHOLASTIC





# Welcome to the Ancient FAr north

• • •

## And the World oF the miceking !

WHERE THEY LIVE:

Miceking Island

CAPITAL:

Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonord family

OTHER VILLAGES:

Oofadale, village of the Oofa Oofas, and Fear  
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE:

Cold, cold, cold, especially when the icy north

TYPICAL FOoD:

Gloog, a superstinky but fabumouse stew. The  
recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the m

NATIONAL DRINK:

Finnbrew, made of equal parts codfish juice and herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION:

The drekar, a light but very fast ship

GREATEST HONOR:

The miceking helmet. It is only earned when mouse performs an act of courage or wins a race.

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT:

A mouseking tail (full tail, half tail, third tail, quarter tail)

ENEMIES:

The terrible dragons who live in Beastgard

# meet the stiltonord FAmi

• • •

GERONIMO

Advisor to

the

miceking

chief

TRAP

The most famouse

inventor in

Mouseborg

BENJAMIN

Geronimo's

nephew

THEA

A horse trainer

who

works well with all

kinds

of animals

BUGSILDA

Benjamin's  
best  
friend

# And the evil drAgons

!

SIZzLE

The cook

• • •

GOBBLER THE PUTRID  
The fierce king of the  
dragons        is        a  
Devourer!

The dragons are  
divided into

5  
clans,       all       of  
which  
are terbifying!

1.

Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —  
no cooking necessary.

2.

## Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over volcanoes so the steam and smoke good.

3.

## Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4.

## Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash

them  
off.



Geronimo Stilton

MICEKIN

Scholastic Inc.

STAY STRONG  
GERONIMO!

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# drAgon

# Alert!

It was a

# splendid

fall morning in

Mouseborg, the capital of Mice

The

# colorful

leaves waved in the

gentle

breeze.

Most micekings are

**warriors**

, but I

don't like fighting. I decided to  
for a walk in the woods. Then  
find

**inspiration**

in nature, and —

Sorry, I haven't  
introduced  
myself! My name  
is

**Geronimo**  
**Stiltonord**  
, and I am a

mouseking and a  
scholar

.

That morning,  
I was a hungry

scholar! I filled my backpack  
with

one

small

barrel

of

fjordberry

juice,

two

loaves

of bread, and

three

wheels

of

super-

stinky

Stenchberg

cheese.  
At the last minute,  
I added cheese wheel  
number  
**four**

.

Physical  
exercise gives me  
a  
**big**  
**appetite**  
!

I whistled as I headed

toward the woods. I  
strolled  
until I found myself in a silent  
clearing  
surrounded by  
nature.  
But before I could unpack my gear,  
sound of a horn rose up  
Lookouts  
Cliff.

too-toot!

Too

-

Tooooooooot!

Squeak! It was the  
dragon  
alarm

!

# Oh no! Dragons!

the shield  
mouselet  
megA chAllenge  
When the dragon alarm sounded  
in the village was supposed to  
the  
dragons. Did I mention that  
are  
**fierce**  
and terrible and always starved  
for  
**fresh**

miceking

meat?

I ran back through the woods and  
rushed

to the village in record time.

miceking

speed. When I arrived at the Great Square, the other micekings were there.

“

# Draaagons!

” I yelled.

Oddly, nobody else was yelling or running.

for the catapults. I ran over to

Quick,  
get  
your  
weapons!

Copper Ironpaws  
, the village  
blacksmith.

“Copper, didn’t you hear  
the  
alarm  
?” I asked. “Bring  
out the swords, the shields,  
sledgehammers  
!”

The blacksmith just stood there  
a  
cheese  
log  
and                   didn't  
answer.

I looked around. All the other  
micekings were just standing  
there,  
too.

“

Holey  
cheese!

” I shouted. “Why  
isn’t anybody getting ready to  
**fight**  
the  
dragons?”

Nobody                answered  
me.

“What is  
**WRONG**  
with                you

rodents?”

I  
asked.

Then

# Sven the Shouter

,

our village leader, marched  
me.

“Geronimo, you smarty-mous  
shouted. (He always

# shouts

. How do  
you think he got his name?  
are

at  
last!"

"

Sven! The  
dragons!

" I  
stuttered.

He smacked my back with his  
paw.

"There aren't any dragons, you

We  
sounded the alarm to get you  
hiding place

."

“I wasn’t hiding,” I protested.

Go sit down!

“So says sven the shouter!”

“Spare me the  
excuses

, smarty-  
paws,” he said.

“We’ve

been

LOOKING

all over for you. It’s

time

to start the  
competition!”

“

# Competition?

What competition?” I asked.

“Horns and thorns, don’t be a cheesehead!

Just go sit in your spot at the j  
That’s an order!” Sven shouted.

the other micekings yelled.

I sighed. So much for my

picnic!

Only then did I notice that a  
**stage**

had been built in the village square

was

decorated

**festively**

. But, by my whiskers, I couldn't think of competition

could be happening that day.

The

GREAT BEARD CHALLENGE

to

determine the mouseking with  
beard had been a few weeks  
earlier.

The

Stinky Codfish Festival

was

always held the first week  
of spring.

The

Miceking Games

, which attracted micekings from a island, were planned for the summer.

So . . . this must be the Shield Mouselet

Mega Challenge

! Female warrior micekings are known as Shield Mouselets they compete to see who is the bravest

,  
strongest

, and

# smartest

.

Everyone loved the challenge  
me!

Sven always made me judge, a  
got me in

# big

# trouble

.

After I took my seat, my  
cousin

Trap  
slid  
into the chair next to  
me.

\*

To read more about Ratilde, check  
adventure

The Famouse Fjord Race!

“Trap, are you on the judge  
too?”

I

asked.

He chuckled. “Of course! A judge  
understand

courage

,

strength

, and

intelligence

. And since I am brave,  
strong, and smart, I'll be the  
perfect  
judge!"

We heard an amused laugh  
and  
turned to see a large female  
Ratilde

. "If anyone can judge the  
courage  
of a mouseking, it's me!" she  
boasted as she sat down in  
judge's  
chair.

Trap and I nodded. Ratilde w

of  
the ship

**Beauty of the Seas**

, and

there wasn't a single mousekin  
was

**braver**

than  
her.

\*

“We all need courage to  
contest,”

Good luck!

Come on,

Thea!

Go, Helga!

Ready to  
judge?

Well . .

.

Karina will  
win!

Thanks!

Yay, Thora!

# SHIELD MOUSELET THORA

Sven the Shouter's daughter  
is charming, brave, and good  
at everything  
she  
tries — and I  
have a  
big  
crush  
on  
her!

# HELGA

She is as sweet as she is  
strong — and she  
makes  
Trap blush.

I whispered to them both.

“Why?” Trap asked.

“Because there can only be one winner

”  
,

I replied. “And then we are left with angry losers!”

Just then, I saw that

Thora

was a  
contestant this year.  
She is  
**Sven's**  
daughter — and my  
**secret crush**

. I  
gulped. I had to pick  
Thora as the winner,  
right?

The  
other  
contestants  
were Helga, Karina,

# MEGA CHALLENGE

## Karina

This mouseking  
is  
fast, agile, and  
does  
everything with  
flair.

## Thea

My sister, Thea, is  
a  
brilliant rodent!  
She  
loves  
adventure and  
competitions.

and my sister,  
Thea.

I  
**gulped**

again.

How could I vote  
against Helga, who  
is so

**strong**

? Or  
Karina, the  
**FAATEST**  
mouseking around? Or  
my own

**talented**

**sister,**

**Thea?**

I could smell trouble  
already . . . but then I

**smelled**

**something**

**else. Something very  
strong.**

I

**sniffed**

**the air.**

**“What is that strange  
stench?”**

I

asked.

Ratilde snorted and  
passed        me        a  
clothespin

What a  
smell!

to put on my nose. “Here you  
you  
wimpy  
mouseking  
!” she  
said.

Then I saw that the  
**smell**

was coming  
from the braided sash that  
awarded  
to the winning Shield Mouse  
made

out of  
hot peppers

! Rotten ricotta,  
those peppers had such a  
strong  
scent

that they were making my  
water!

Ratilde nudged me. “Look, small  
mouseking, even Trap  
has  
watery  
eyes.”

# Logi Peppers

Logi peppers are very strong

hot peppers that are used in our

famous miceking hot pepper

sauce, the hottest sauce there is! These peppers have a much,

much, much stronger smell than

even stinky miceking garlic.

“It’s not the peppers,”

Trap said.

Then I noticed that Helga was

smiling  
at him. My big  
cousin has such  
a  
tender  
heart!

# Begin the megA chAllenges!

Sven the Shouter climbed onto  
“Citizens of Mouseborg, he  
shouted.

“Only the

bravest

,

strongest

, and

smartest

contestant will win the  
Shield

Mouselet  
Challenge!"

Mega

the crowd  
cheered.

Sven raised his paw in the air.  
competition  
begin!"

The first event was  
the

shell  
challenge

. Each contestant  
had to throw a  
razor-sharp  
shell at a straw

target.

“So says sven the shouter!”

# SHIVERING SQUIDS!

My  
whiskers!  
Bull's-eye!

Those shells had points as sharp  
**DRAGONS' CLAWS**

.

Thea's shell passed so close to  
trimmed  
the ends of my whiskers! But  
she hit the  
**bull's-**  
**eye**  
and

won  
the  
contest.

I'm all  
tangled  
up!

I need more  
rope!

The second event was the  
rope  
challenge.

Miceking ships need good, strong  
ropes to set their  
**powerful**  
sails. The  
contestants had to

quickly

braid ropes

to see who could make the lon

the

fastest

SPEED

.

My job was to measure to  
braided

Done!

This is fun!

I'm going to win!

the

longest

rope. I

tried

my best, but I got all tangled

up

! I nearly tripped and fell flat on my

snout!

Finally, I untangled myself  
and

measured the long braids. And  
the

**WINNER**

of the rope  
challenge

was . . .

.

2

1

Algae                  and  
mussels

Moldy moss from  
Saltwater  
Valley

... .

Karina

! Her rope was three  
hundred  
tails  
long!

Next up was  
the

# cooking challenge

.

Every mouseking worth his helmet needs to know how to make hearty food out of whatever is handy. M has to be delicious

and  
nutritious  
enough  
to build big miceking  
muscles!  
“This is my  
favorite  
challenge,” Trap  
said, rubbing his  
belly.

5  
3  
3  
4  
5  
1  
2

Rancid  
codfish  
fat

100-year-  
old

smoked herring  
Logi pepper  
cheese

4

The contestants had to

**cook**

a dish out  
of these  
ingredients:

**Algae**

and

**mussels**

Moldy

**moss**

from Saltwater

Valley

100-year-old  
smoked  
HERRING

common

Rancid  
codfish  
fat  
Logi pepper  
cheese

The three judges had to  
taste  
each  
dish and rate it on how  
nutritious  
and

Yuck! How  
gross!

**delicious**

it was. Thea presented her  
dish

first. It

smelled

awful

!

Now, I know my sister well. She's  
athletic, and great with animals,  
but

**terrible**

cook!

“Um, I’m

not  
hungry  
,” I said,  
pushing  
it  
away.

Thea frowned. “  
Are you going to  
judge it or n  
Geronimo?  
”

Trap slapped my back.  
“Eat up, Cousin! What  
are

you  
afraid  
of?”

I had to eat the  
dish in order to  
fairly judge  
the  
contest.

My stomach hurt  
much . . .

•  
I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT  
TOSS MY CHEESE!

I took one bite of deep-fried cheese  
in  
stinky cheese  
sauce  
and

swallowed.

My stomach went

up

and

down

,

up

and

down

,

up

and

down

!

“You look a little  
green

, Geronimo,” Trap

remarked. “Did you eat too much?  
problem. Ratilde and I will take a  
rest.”

I was very

lucky

that Trap and Ratilde  
had

cast-iron

stomachs! They declared  
Thora

the winner. I wanted  
congratulate  
her, but I  
couldn't.

# so, Who is the Winner?

1

1

Spin!

Spin!

Squeak!

The next event was the  
**cauldron  
challenge**  
, a test of  
**strength**

and  
**balance**

. Each Shield Mouselet had to perform a complicated balancing act. A heavy cauldron full of

**swamp**

**water**

on her head.

Thea dragged me from the judges' table to

dance with her.

She

**spun**

me        around

and

around like a  
top!

3

2

2

3

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

H

!

Faster!

Stop!

Oh

no!

Aaaaah!

HELGA

kept the

cauldron on her

head

the

longest,

and

she

WON

the

challenge.

We

TWIRLED

and twirled in  
circles.

I got dizzy and fell  
against Thea . .

.

bam!

I knocked into  
the cauldron, and  
all the swamp  
water

dumped

on my

**head!**

I found a shell!

The four contestants  
Everything

depended on the final even  
the

camouflage challenge

. Camouflage is an important skill when facing an enemy

or hiding from mice king-eating

dragons

. For this event, the Shield Mouselets had an outfit that would work as camouflage in the ocean.

.

Thora dove into the sea and found a shell

for her outfit.

The four contestants put together their camouflage

and stood onstage.  
Everyone cheered for  
them  
loudly.

“THORA IS THE BEST!”  
“HOORAY FOR KARI!  
“Go, Thea!”  
“HELGA SHOULD WIN!

“This is  
fantastic  
camouflage!” Trap  
said. “It will be tough to  
winner.”

Trap was right! All four contestants  
done a  
great job  
. I wanted to vote for

Thora

, my crush, but how could I cher when the others looke good?

Sven marched up to us. “

So, who is  
the winner?

”

It's your vote,  
Geronimo!

Who is the winner?

I . . . I . . .

Great job!

Go, mouselets!

Trap and Ratilde shrugged. “We  
can’t  
decide.”

“Then it’s up to  
YOU  
, Geronimo!”

Sven  
shouted.  
the                    crowd  
roared.

**“So says sven the shouter!”**

Tell  
us!  
Well?  
Who  
wins?  
Hurry!  
Well  
done!

hiding From the  
drAgons

“

Who  
wins  
the  
Mega  
Challenge?

”

“Yeah,  
which

Shield  
Mouselet  
wins?

”

“

Well,  
smarty-mouse?

”

All the contestants  
**GLARED**  
at me,  
waiting for me to name the wi-  
cheese, how could I

choose?

So I just sat there,

as

quiet

as a clam.

The

micekings quickly go  
annoyed.

I began to stutter. “Well . . . I-I  
know . . .

.

m-m-m-maybe

”

“ . . . ”

“Hurry up and decide, Geronim  
thundered, shaking his

paw.

”

too-tooot!

Too-

Tooooooot!

Just then the dragon sounded.

A moment later,  
three

dragons

appeared in the sky, breathing,  
swooped

down over the  
village.

“Do you  
sss  
ee what I  
sss  
ee?” asked the  
first  
dragon.

“I  
sss  
ee a bunch of fresh meat,  
Fang,”  
answered the second dragon. “  
you,

Sss

lither?”

“Me too, Broiler,” said the thir

sss

eem juicy! Let’s eat them up  
fa

sss

t!”

Red Fang, the  
red

dragon, landed  
right

next to me and  
snapped

at my tail.

“What

ta

sss

ty mice king flesh!

It'

sss

mine!

I

sss

aw

it fir

sss

t!”

Oh  
no!  
Ahhh!  
Let's  
hide!  
Hurry!  
Take  
cover!  
Run!

Dragons!  
Help!

1  
2

I ran away and  
ducked  
behind the  
straw  
target.

“

Sss  
o you want to  
play hide-  
and-  
sss  
eek,  
little mou

SSS

eking?"

Red Fang asked.

**WHOOSH!**

He shot

**flames**

at

the target, reducing  
it

to ashes and

revealing

my hiding place!

So I

**DASHED**

under the cooking  
challenge table,  
taking refuge  
there.

WHOOSH

!

Red Fang unleashed  
his hot breath, and

Red Fang

Red Fang is a dragon  
in the Devourer  
family. Devourers  
like  
to quickly  
barbecue  
micekings and

eat  
them. For some  
reason, Red Fang  
seems to always  
be  
hungry for  
me!

1

2

Squeak!

Ouch!

melted cheese

flowed down on me like  
lava!

Finally, I  
crawled  
under  
the judges' table . . . but  
Red Fang found me there,  
too!

3

I'm doomed!

3

He

sniffed

the air, noticing the  
smell of the

Logi pepper

garland

strung across the table. T  
smiled.

“What luck!” he cried. “With a

sss

ingle

flame, I'll have miceking meat  
roast

SSS  
ted

SSS  
picy  
pepper

SSS  
!”

He inhaled, getting ready to  
blast

me  
with                   flames  
again.

This was it. I was going to be

cooked

,

fried

,

done

!

“

Heeeelp!

” I screamed. “I don’t want to become dinner for dragon!”

# WE'LL BE BACK

“Load the catapults!

Release!

” Sven the  
Shouter commanded.  
Just in time, something

**slimy**

hit Red

Fang’s head.

Plop! Plop!

Plop!

Bales of  
mud

mixed with hay rained  
down  
on the three  
dragons.

Slither swallowed one by me  
spit  
Yikes!

it out. “Let’

sss

get out of  
here!”

Red Fang  
grabbed the Logi  
peppers. “For now, I’ll ta  
these!”

he  
growled.

Then he

flew  
off. “I  
will be back  
with  
King Gobbler

and his  
army!” he  
promised.

“Gather around,  
micekings  
!” Sven  
the Shouter yelled. “We must  
—”

Bonk!  
His wife, Mousehilde,  
bopped  
him on the head with her  
pin.

“This is  
YOUR FAULT  
!” she said. “I told you  
to leave one mouseking  
guarding

the catapults during the competition?

What do we do?

We can't fight the  
dragons!

is how the  
dragons  
were able to get  
so  
close to us!"

The villagers  
were  
scared

.

"What do we do now,  
brave  
Sven?"  
one rodent  
asked.

“Yes,  
courageous  
Sven, we don’t  
have  
much time,” said  
another.  
I told you so!  
Ow!

Thora spoke up. “The dragons will be returning soon. We must organize our defense.”

Sven nodded. “Well said, Thor micekings must prepare for battle!

Copper, bring out the weapons.”

Then Sven looked at me, and I

backward. I had a  
bad  
feeling  
all of a sudden.

“You come with me,  
smarty-mouseking

”

he said, grabbing me  
by                   the  
shoulders.

“Who? M-m-me?” I  
stuttered.

“Yes!”                   Sven  
replied.

“We will go find

Loki  
Longsight  
, the village  
soothsayer, and we'll  
ask  
Come with me!

for advice. He can look in his  
of  
Dragon  
Lore and Legends  
and tell us the best  
way to defeat  
them.”

It wasn’t a bad  
idea

,

actually.

Sven and I headed to the  
soothsayer’s  
CAVE

,

followed  
by all the micekings in  
the  
village.

# THEY LOKI LONGSIGHT!

Sven stopped in front of the cav-  
“

Loki

Longsight, open up!  
” he shouted.

“Sven the Shouter commands you.  
The micekings all cried out,  
“so says sven the shouter!”  
But Loki didn’t answer.

Sven shouted even louder. “  
up,  
**soothsayer**  
!”

I tugged on Sven’s cloak. “Chief  
to the cave  
is  
**half**

-  
**open**  
,” I told him.  
“Why didn’t you say that in  
place,

blubber

brain

?” Sven asked. “Quick,  
get                in  
there!”

**It's already open!  
Open the door!  
Let us in!**

1  
2  
1

Oops!

I slowly pushed open the door.

L-Loki,

are                you  
there?

” I asked.

Loki still didn’t answer.

“Are you waiting for

groundhogs

to wake from their hibernati

mouseking? I said get in t

barked.

I stepped inside the cave, but I  
Loki. “He’s not here!” I said.

I

RAN

back out and slipped on  
something

slimy

.

“Squeak!”

When I  
tried to get up,

I

SLIPPED

a second time  
and fell right  
on my tail!

“

OWWWWW!

”

3

2

3

Help!

Yikes!

Well?

I

slid

right up to

Sven's feet. He

stared

at me. "What do

you

mean he's

not  
here

? Where is  
he,  
then?”

I had no  
idea!

“I don’t know!” I  
replied. “He didn’t  
leave

a  
note

.”

Thea,

meanwhile,  
was examining  
the  
stinky  
slime  
I had stepped  
on.

“Brave Sven, this is  
dragon drool  
!” she  
announced.

Sven sniffed it  
himself.

“You’re  
right! And I  
see  
some  
**RED**  
**SCALES**  
in  
there!”  
“

Crusty codfish!

” I cried. “That scale  
belongs to

Red Fang

, the dragon who  
wants

to roast and eat me! He mus-

Loki

Longsight!”

“There’s no time to was-  
shouted,

pumping his paw in the air

must

find

him

quickly!"

All the micekings began to  
volunteer

for                   the  
mission.

“CHOOSE ME, BRAVE LEAD-

**“I WILL GO! I’M THE  
STRONGEST!”**

**“PICK ME! I AM NOT AFRAID  
OF DRAGONS!”**

Sven shook his head. “Since  
**Geronimo**

knows all about Red Fang, I w  
to find Loki Longsight.”

“B-b-but . . .” I stammered.

**Trap  
boldly**

stepped forward. “I will  
go with Geronimo. Don’t worry,  
won’t  
**disappoint**

you!”

Sven nodded. “Well said, Trap  
soothsayer back to Mouseborg  
both

receive

the greatest honor  
in our village:

a

miceking helmet  
!”

“That’s nice, but I, er, have some  
urgent  
business  
to attend to . . .” I

said.

“so says sven the shouter!”

“You can do it,

Geronimo!”

“No excuses, smarty-mous  
shouted.

“You’re  
leaving  
right

now

, and that’s an  
order!”

everyone  
cried.

My paws began  
to  
tremble  
like  
jellyfish.  
I was about to run away when  
. .  
It was Thora! She was cheering  
Then my nephew Benjamin p

“I  
believe  
in you, Uncle Ger!”  
“

GO GET 'EM  
, Geronimo!” Thea  
said.

Squeak!

My friends and family gave me

courage

. I would find

Loki

. I

would face the dragon. And I r

get my first miceking  
helmet!

# THE HILLS WISE WORDS

Trap and I left  
Mouseborg.

“That dragon has left us a trail  
stinky  
drool,  
RED  
scales, and  
roasted

trees,”

Trap remarked happily as north.

“This mission will be su  
easy!”

SUPER EASY?

We were on our way to face a fierce  
and terrible dragon with an a  
micekings. What was

easy  
about  
that?

But we had no choice. We had

**SAVE**

**Loki Longsight!**

We followed the  
dragon's  
**trail**

until we  
arrived at the very top of  
the  
tallest  
of the  
**Hills of Wise Words.** We could

twittering  
in the trees. Everything  
seemed peaceful until . . .

Guuuuuuuuuurgles

A deep sound echoed through  
the hills.

I jumped into Trap's  
arms.

“

It's the dragons!

” I squealed.

Trap chuckled. “Relax! That's my stomach. I'm so hungry I could eat

stale  
cheese  
!”

We followed Red Fang's trail  
path. Then Trap stopped. “  
Look here,  
Geronimo!  
”



The dragons!  
What?!

He pointed under a rock to a  
fjordberries  
and  
truffles.

Trap started to

grab

them. “What a  
find!

Want some, Cousin?”

“B-b-but they might belong to  
I replied nervously. “

Leave them  
alone!

”

But Trap didn't  
listen.

Suddenly, I noticed some  
**strange**  
**tracks**  
in the dirt.  
What strange tracks. . .

Yummy!

“Trap, these tracks look  
suspicious  
!” I said.

Trap

gobbled

down some berries

and

then walked over to me. He  
over

and looked at the tracks in  
dirt.

“Hmm, you’re right, Geronimo

he said. “These don’t look like

dragon  
tracks

. They’re too small.”

“That’s what

worries

me,” I said. I

glanced up at the rocks behind  
my

FUR

stood on end.

“They look like the tracks of a

M-M-  
MEGA BOAR  
!” I stammered.  
With its curved tusks and fierce hunger,  
a very, very aggressive wild boar! It digs  
of roots and truffles,  
but when hungry,  
it will devour anything in its path. Caution:  
Never touch its food supply, or there will

be  
trouble!

**MEGA BOAR**

“How can you be so sure, sm  
mouseking?” Trap asked  
me.

“I-I’m sure,” I stuttered, “becau  
one  
right behind you  
!”

Trap turned to see  
the  
hairy  
mega boar  
staring at us with  
ferocious  
eyes. We had  
stumbled upon its food

supply!

# GREAT SALTY SARDINES

, we  
were      in      big  
trouble!

“What do we do?” I wailed.  
Trap’s

## paws

were still full of fruit and  
truffles. “Let’s scram, Geronim  
your tail and

ruuuuuun!”

**Look!**  
**Let's go!**

# WATCH FUR, GERONIMO!

Trap and I took off  
at  
TOP SPEED  
through  
the hills, followed by the  
boar.  
We moved  
faster  
than a wheel of

cheese rolling down a steep hill  
to!

The boar

gnashed

its teeth as it ran,

ready

to

**GOBBLE**

us up! Everybody knows

that

you can't

**MESS WITH**

a mega boar's

food

supply — everybody but Trap

is.

Then I realized something. “Are you holding the boar’s food?” I asked Trap.

“Of course! It’s delicious!

! Want some?”

Trap asked.

“Why . . .

huff

. . . do you still have it . .

•  
puff

? ” I asked, out of breath  
running.

“

Pant

. . . give it back!”

Trap realized he had no choice

Good

-

bye,                    sweet  
food!

” he cried.

He tossed the food behind him

hit

the mega boar in the face!  
beast

was  
even  
angrier  
now.

“

FASTER!  
” I yelled.

Here you go!

Give it back!

We

zigzagged

between fallen tree

branches and thorny bushes.

**stinky**

smell      hit      our

snouts.

“That smell can only

be

dragon drool

!”

Trap cried.

We had a mega boar behind us

were heading right toward  
dragon!

We were doomed!

The mega boar was on our t

We

kept running . . . and then  
we

slipped

in a puddle of dragon  
drool.

Now we were

even more  
doomed

!

But just as the boar's tusk  
about

Uh-oh!  
We're doomed!  
to skewer us, a  
**FLAME**  
shot  
over                  our  
heads.  
The mega boar yelped, turned  
around, and  
**RAN AWAY**

.

One  
threat  
was gone . . .  
but

another was in the bushes right  
front of us.

Red Fang  
glared at us with his scary  
yellow  
eyes!

“Is it you again?” he asked. “C  
clo

sss  
er! That way I can eat you in  
a

sss  
ingle  
bite!”

I began to  
**shiver**

from the tip of  
my  
tail to the ends of my whiskers  
Trap pull me by the arm. He d  
behind a  
large  
tree trunk

.

“Get over here,  
shrimp  
!” Red Fang  
roared, and he lunged toward  
us.

Then  
something

unexpected

happened.

Red Fang suddenly

roared

in pain.

Smoke puffed out of his nostr

toppled over

with a boom.

I

PEEKED

out from my hiding place

and saw the problem: One of h

caught in a

thorny

bush. He couldn't  
move or  
fly.

He's hurt!

Ow! Ow!

I took a deep breath. I might not be  
brave

mouseking, but Trap and I had  
come to  
save

Loki Longsight  
. I knew

what

I had to do. I stepped out from  
tree branch and

slowly

walked  
toward

the dragon.

“

What happened?

” I asked him.

“None of your bu

sss

ine

sss

, no

sss

y

mou

sss

eking!” Red Fang roared. “I wi

roa

sss

t you in a

sss

plit

sss

econd and crush  
you with my  
jaw

sss

!”

He spat out a huge flame. I jumped  
behind the tree branch to avoid it.

“

That's it! I'm done!

” I squealed.

Red Fang was

# stuck<sup>1</sup>

. Trap and I  
could go back to the village with  
our fur.

But if we did that, we'd be behind

poor Loki. (Not to mention, I've never

get my miceking  
helmet!)

“You failed again, mouse.”

Sven the Shouter would

say.

Then it hit me. I

was

a

smarty-  
mouseking

.

I could

think

of a way to use Red

Fang's predicament to our adva

I had an

idea

.

“L-l-let’s make a deal  
between mouseking and  
dragon!”

I walked right up to the dragon  
began to squeak.

# THE SEC DEAL WITH RED FAN

Red Fang sniffed me. “Are you  
furry  
head? I could eat you right  
now!”

Trap  
jumped  
out of our hiding place.  
“Geronimo, what are you think-

asked.

“I mu

sss

t admit, I am curiou

sss

,” Red Fang  
said. “No mou

sss

eking has ever  
approached  
me like thi

sss

before. What deal do you  
propo

SSS

e,

shrimp?”

I took another deep breath.

“W-w-well, Trap and I could free

you

from the thorns,” I began.

Red Fang looked interested. “

Go on

”

he said.

“And then you could t-t-tell  
you’ve  
**hidden**  
our soothsayer, Loki Longsight  
continued.

“And promise not to  
**gobble**  
us up on the  
spot!” Trap added  
quickly.

Red Fang began to  
**snicker**  
. Then he  
**snorted**

. Then he  
laughed  
so hard  
that  
the ground  
**shook**  
beneath our  
feet!

My whiskers  
almost fell  
off in  
fright!

“Bad idea,  
Geronimo,”  
Trap

whispered.  
“We’re about to  
become  
dinner  
for a dragon!”  
Red Fang  
laughed  
so

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

hard that he became even more  
the thorny bush. He

**roared**

out in  
pain.

I knew Red Fang couldn't  
refuse  
our help  
now. "You can't fly, or  
even

**move**

," I said  
bravely. "Let us help

you.”

Red Fang scowled. “Very hissed.

“We will make thi

sss

deal. But it mu

sss

t be

kept a

sss

ecret!”

I quickly pulled out some parchments from my

goose-feather  
pen (which I  
always  
carry with me, like a good  
wrote  
out our  
deal.  
I signed it, and then Red Fang  
the  
pen in his  
**CLAW**  
and signed, too.  
After Red Fang signed, Tr  
carefully

## SECRET DRAGON-MOUSEKING AGREEMENT

I, Geronimo Stiltonord, will free Red Fang from the branch that hurt his wing. In exchange, Red Fang of the Devourers of Beastgard will tell us everything he knows about Loki Longsight's whereabouts. And above all, he promises not to gobble up any micekings present.

**GERONIMO**

\*

The original was written in miceking runes  
been translated so you can read  
it!

\*

removed the

thorny  
branch from his  
wing.

HELMETS AND HERRING, I W  
ONE SCARED MOUSEKING!

Red Fang  
grinned  
and stretched  
out his wings. Then he eyed m  
hungrily  
as if I were a tasty  
treat.

But I held the parchment ag  
front  
of me like a  
shield  
. “You p-p-promised  
not to

**hurt**

us!” I reminded him. “And  
you must

**return**

Loki Longsight to us!”

“I don’t know any Loki Long

**SSS**

ight,” Red

Fang replied. “The only fr  
mou

**SSS**

emeat

here is you  
two!”

“We found your  
drool  
and one of your  
**RED SCALES**  
outside his cave!” I  
protested. “What did you  
him?”

“That wa

SSS  
n’t me!” Red Fang  
repeated.

“What do you mean?” I asked.  
“After you mice attacked u

SSS  
, I wa

**SSS**

Dinnertime!  
You can't!  
You promised!

SSS

o hungry that I  
**gobbled**  
up the Logi  
pepper

SSS

,” Red Fang explained. “We  
dragon

SSS

need them to help create our  
**fiery**  
**breath.”**

I

shuddered  
, thinking about how Red  
Fang's flames had almost  
before.

“But they were  
TOO HOT

, even for  
me!” the dragon continued. “I  
sss  
tarted to  
cough  
and drool!”

“Then what happened?”  
asked.

“My eye  
sss  
were  
watering  
badly,” Red  
Fang replied. “I  
couldn’t  
  
sss  
ee where I  
wa  
  
sss  
going, and I flew into a  
cave.”  
Trap and I looked at each other.  
Loki

# Longsight's cave!

” we both  
guessed.

“I didn’t

sss

ee a mou

sss

eking in there,”

Red Fang said. “I waited until

sss

sss

topped watering, and then I  
flew

away.”

Trap's eyes narrowed. "You mean  
take our soothsayer?

Or

**gobble**  
him up?"

Red Fang shook his head. "If I  
him, would my empty belly  
be

**GROWLING**  
like thi

**SSS**  
?"

He patted his big  
**red**

belly, and it  
made a noise:

# Guuuuurple!

I couldn't believe it. We had chased by a mega boar and faced a deadly dragon to find Loki Lor for nothing!

“Becau

SSS

e of our deal, I will let you e

SSS

cape,” Red Fang continued. “B

will return to your village with  
dragon

SSS

. And then I will eat you raw,  
ju

SSS

t as you are!”

Then he flapped his wings and

FLEW

OFF

.

Trap slapped me on the back. “Cousin! You saved us from being  
toasted

like a cheese sandwich!”

“But we still haven’t found

Loki

Longsight,” I said. “We shou

Let's find Loki!

We have to warn the village!

LOOKING

for him."

"No way!" Trap said. "We'll

back

to Mouseborg and

WARN

the village

about

the dragon attack."

# DRAGON ATTACK!

I knew Trap was right. We raced  
Mouseborg like  
**lightning**

.

Sven the Shouter started shouting as soon as he saw us. “Are you cheeseheads back already? Where is Loki Lo

“W-w-we . . . um . . . d-didn’t f  
Chief,” I stuttered.

“How dare you return with  
empty  
paws

!” Sven shouted so loudly that  
ruffled

my  
fur.

Suddenly, the  
dragon alarm

rang  
throughout                    the

village.

too-toooot!

Too-

Tooooooooot!

Gobbler the Putrid is  
the  
unchallenged leader  
of  
the dragons. He  
smells  
so bad even flies  
stay  
away from him!  
He's  
always in a bad  
mood  
and always very hungry.  
His favorite food is fresh  
miceking  
stew.

Before you could say

cheese

, the

sky became filled with dra  
leader,

Gobbler the Putrid

, flew at the front  
of

the pack.

Gobbler wore  
the

Crown of the

Seven

Rubies

, forged in volcanic

lava.

“Look at the

sss

e ta

sss

ty miceking

**GOBBLER**

the Putrid

Aim!

Attaaaaack!"

DIVE,

DIVE, DIVE!"

morsel

SSS

!" he called out to his  
followers.

Sven turned to the micekings.

catapults!

Gobbler called his dragons to a

"Follow me, my

winged

sss

ubject

sss

!

This time, the dragons were  
ready

for

our miceking defenses. They  
the

sticky

mud balls with their  
tails.

They

blew  
flames  
onto the straw roofs  
of our houses, setting them  
fire!

Some  
micekings  
ran  
for  
their  
weapons.

# GRRRRRRROWWWWW

Others ran away from the fire  
headed  
for the catapults when I heard  
**thundering**  
behind me that made  
my  
whiskers  
**curl**  
with  
fear.  
Shivering squids, that roar was  
too

close!

I turned and came face-to-face  
dragon with

RED

scales, pointy fangs,  
sharp

claws, and one injured wing .

.

Red

Fang

! He and I had made a deal  
now

the deal was  
off!

Red Fang looked like he wa

keep  
his promise to  
eat              me  
  
raw  
!

SQUEAK!

He landed right in front of  
me.

“  
Sss  
tay away!” he called to the oth

Uh-oh!  
Reload!  
Run!

Come here!  
Why me?  
Dragons, attack!

dragons. “Thi

sss

shrimpy mou

sss

eking is

all

mine!”

## HORNS AND THOR

My

whiskers

trembled

with     fright.   The

end

was near! Red Fang was going

devour

me, and there was nothing  
about  
it. I was  
doomed!

YOU  
CAN'T  
HIDE  
FROM  
ME,  
MOUSEKING!

# Let's scram!

Okay!

# Red Fang

lunged

at me. I was so afraid  
that I couldn't move a

muscle!

Then Trap took me by  
the

paw

.

“Get out of there, Geronimo!”  
dragging

me under the  
stage.

Found  
you!

Red Fang followed us. “You can  
will

SSS

till

SSS

natch  
you!”

We

flattened

ourselves against the  
ground. The dragon plunged  
into  
the wooden boards above us. T

he smacked the stage with his  
heavy,  
spiked  
tail.

Squeak!

It's over!  
We're cooked!  
The stage was now full o  
more  
**holes**  
than a slice of  
Swiss!  
We were about to be  
**fried**  
, roasted, and  
**TOasted**  
!

Trap held me tightly. “I’ve alw  
you, Cousin!” He sobbed. “You

bravest  
smarty-mouseking I  
know!"  
This is it, I thought.  
**Good-bye,**  
Mouseborg, my hometown!  
**Good-bye,**  
lovely  
Thora!  
**Good-bye,**  
miceking  
world!  
A  
**Fireball**

formed in Red Fang's  
throat, but before he could rele

Take that!  
“Get out of here, you ugly  
lizard  
face  
!”

Fjords and fishbones  
, it was  
Thora! As she bravely ran  
stage,  
she took  
a  
SHARP  
shell comb out of her  
hair

and flung it toward the dragon  
blow

**stunned**

Red Fang.

“

**Great shot**

, you amazing Shield  
Mouselet!” Trap  
cheered.

Red Fang  
flew off, and

Trap  
shivered.

“That was

C-C-

close

,” he  
said.

I stared at Thora  
with admiration.

“Brave  
Thora, you’ve  
**SAVED**  
our fur!” I  
squeaked.

Ow!

Then I saw that she was alone.

Thea

,

HELGA

, and

Karina

all                  stood

behind

her.

# OH, WHAT FABUMOUSE MICEKINGS!

And behind them stood all  
Shield  
Mouselets in the village! They  
forces to organize an  
**anti-dragon**  
defense.

# THE CHARGE THE SHIELD MOUSELETS

1  
3  
2  
4

## SWEET SARDINES!

The Shield Mouselets' defense  
dragons

by surprise with a charge  
of unexpected  
weapons:

Heavy cauldrons filled with  
stinky  
food

from the cooking challenge.

# Catapults with loaded

# sharp shells

from the shell  
challenge.

# Buckets of clean water

because  
dragons  
can't stand it — water washes  
stench!

Fishing nets that doubled  
as

dragon-  
catching nets  
!

# SHIELD MOUSELETS TO THE RESCUE!

STINKY

CAULDRONS

SHARP SHELLS

1

2

FISHING  
NETS  
CLEAN  
WATER

3

4

These Shield Mouselets were  
a

force

to be reckoned  
with!

They

flung

the cauldrons with  
amazing

force. They  
hurled  
the sharp shells with  
precise aim. They worked tog  
to  
**stun**  
the dragons and  
then  
**capture**  
them in  
nets.  
It was miceking poetry  
action!  
**Gobbler the Putrid**

tried to get his  
dragons              in  
order.

Scram!

Go

away!

Don't come  
back!

Beat it!

"Dragon

SSS

, get in formation! Claw

SSS

out!" he

yelled.

But they could not stop the Shri  
Mouselets.

"

Get out of here, you scoundrels!

”                  Thea

yelled.

”

Beat it, you lousy  
beasts!

”                  the

others  
joined  
in.

Gobbler continued to call out  
his  
drenched

and  
battered  
dragons  
did

Retreat!

Yuck! Clean water!

Ow!

Ow!

not want to fight anymore

Shield

Mouselets were too much  
them!

Finally, Gobbler gave in.

“

Retreat!

” he

yelled.

**FOR NOW, WE WERE  
ALL SAFE!**

Before flying off, Red Fang flung his fiery

eyes on me. “You managed to

SSS

cape

thi

SSS

time,

mou

SSS

eking! But next time, I

will

roa

sss

t        you        for  
dinner!"

A wave of  
relief

washed over me as  
I watched him and the other d  
disappear  
over              the  
horizon.

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

ANYONE

THERE?

“Hooray for the sh  
mouselets!”

“DOWN WITH THE DRAG—

“Hip, hip, hooray!

# the Shield Mouselets!’

The dragon attack was over –  
all

thanks to the  
village’s  
SHIELD MOUSELETS  
!

“Rodents of  
Mouseborg  
, rejoice!”

Sven shouted. “The dragon  
fled!”

“

We  
won!

” squealed the  
micekings.

I get it!

She's right!

Good point!

“We will celebrate!” Sven

“My wife, Mousehilde, will fabumouse

**banquet**

and —”

Mousehilde interrupted her speech by

**bopping**

him on the head.

“Aren't you forgetting

something? We  
can't  
celebrate until we  
find

Loki Longsight  
!

He's  
still  
missing!"

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOU

Sven pointed at me. “Geronim  
him

was

YOUR JOB

! Tell us what  
happened!”

the micekings  
cried.

“Well,” I began. “First, Tr  
tracked

Red Fang

”

... ”

“

Ooooooooooooooh!

” the micekings  
exclaimed.

“But we didn’t find Loki Lo  
any  
sign of him,” I  
finished.

“

Nooooooooooooo!

” the micekings  
squeaked.

I couldn’t tell them about my  
the  
dragon. It was  
a  
secret

! All the  
micekings  
knew was that I had  
failed

.

Thea came to my rescue. “Let  
to  
Loki’s  
CAVE  
and search for more clues,”  
she  
suggested.

Look everywhere!  
I'll find him . .

.

Hmm . . .

Where is he?

“Thea is right!” Trap said loud  
go!”

I truly have a  
fabumouse  
family.

They  
always stand up for  
me!

So we all returned to the cave.

**SEARCHED**  
everywhere around

it. We climbed trees. We  
looked  
under  
bushes.

My head!  
We even lifted up boulders! (I  
I didn't, but micekings with  
**big**  
**muscles**  
did.) But there  
was  
no  
trace  
of Loki Longsight!  
I put my snout to the ground to  
look for tracks — and  
**bumped**

right into the cave's front door.

“

Ow!

” I

cried.

Then I realized something. I had just bumped into

a

CLUE

!

“

HELMETS AND  
HERRING

, the cave  
door is closed!” I cried.  
“Are you  
**sure**  
you  
didn’t close it with  
your snout, smarty-  
mouseking?” Sven asked  
me.  
“I’m sure,” I  
replied.  
“Then who  
**closed**  
it?” Sven

asked.

Then it hit me. “Maybe Loki re  
his  
**CAVE**  
while            we  
were  
**fighting**  
the  
dragons! He could be in there :  
I said.  
There            was  
only  
**ONE WAY**  
to            find  
out.  
“Loki Longsight!” Sven shou

top  
of his lungs. “

ARE YOU IN THERE

,  
soothsayer?”

There

was

no

reply

— but then a stone  
fell out of the window above the  
piece  
of  
parchment

was tied to the stone.

“It must be from Loki!” I realized.

“Then

read it

, smarty-mouseking!”

Sven

bellowed.

I

unrolled

the parchment and read the

words aloud: “The soothsayer said  
*days when the moon is full . . . i*

beginning with the letter

J

. . . and not

during

mealtimes! Please come ba  
time.”

Answer  
me!

Have I already told you that  
called  
“the Shouter” because he shout  
very,  
very,  
very loudly  
? Well,  
when he gets  
angry  
, he shouts even  
louder! And this time he was  
angrier

than I had ever seen him.

“Where did you disappear to?”

Sven bellowed. “Answer me!”  
the micekings sang out.

The soothsayer tossed another stone out the window,

with a new  
message  
attached.

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOU

What are you  
talking  
about?

I read it out  
loud:

“I went out to search  
for  
*honey, mouse grass, and  
fjordberries. What  
do you want?*”

Angry, the  
other micekings  
started shouting at Loki.

“Didn’t you hear  
the  
dragon  
alarm  
?”

“Didn’t you smell  
their  
TERRIBLE STENCH  
?”

“Didn’t you see  
the  
fiery flames  
?”

Another  
note

flew  
out                the  
window:  
*“What dragons? I didn’t see a single one.”*  
Not a single fang.”  
It was no use arguing. Our  
was  
supposed to be good at  
**SEEING**  
the  
future. But this time, he hadn’t  
what  
was  
right outside  
his

cave!

# AND THE WINN IS . . .

“

Hooray for Mousehilde!  
Hooray for gloog!

”

We returned to the  
village.

“Loki is found! Let  
the  
banquet  
begin!”

Sven shouted. “Mousehilde w

delicious  
gloog  
for all!"

the micekings  
cheered.

Gloog is traditional  
miceking stew

,

and Mousehilde's is the  
best!

That night, the village  
celebrated  
with a great feast of gloog, S  
CHEESE

, finnbrew (the official drink of micekings), and other specialties.

Just as I was about to take  
first  
**bite**

,

Sven interrupted  
me.

“What are you doing,  
mouseking?”  
he  
asked.

“I-I-I’m  
**eating**  
,” I  
sputtered.

Sven held up a paw.

“

**STOP**

right  
there!

First you must announce the w  
**Shield Mouselet Mega Ch**  
!”

The micekings began to  
chant.

**"CHOOSE A WINNER!  
CHOOSE A WINNER!  
CHOOSE A WINNER!"**

Crusty codfish, what was I  
do?

I tried to think of a way out. “I  
think  
about this, Sven,” I stuttered. “  
Fang ate  
the  
hot  
pepper  
sash that  
gets  
awarded to the winner, so the  
no  
way to . . .

”

•  
“I’ve got an  
**extra**

,

Smarty-mouse!” Sven  
cried,  
**tossing**  
another  
sash

made of Logi peppers at  
me.

I turned paler than  
**mozzarella**  
. I had

no more  
excuses!

Shivering squids  
, I  
didn't know who to  
choose!

I wanted to  
choose

Thora

,

who

had saved me

from

Red Fang

...

But there was also my  
sister,  
Thea

• •  
•

“

hip, hip, hooray for the  
winners!

”

And  
HELGA

...

And  
Karina

...

They all deserved to w  
Squeak!

Then Mousehilde walked up

the

sash from me. “Forget it, Ge

the

SHIELD MOUSELETS

in the village have

made

a decision. For fighting

with

GREAT SKILL

and saving the village . . .

all four are

winners

!”

“

We’re all winners!

”

the

contestants  
cheered.

When the Shield Mouselets  
decision,  
no rodent

argues

with them! The other  
micekings began to

clap

and

cheer

.

We all won!  
Way to go!  
Let's celebrate!  
Time to eat!  
Hooray!

Hooray for the  
micekings!

Three  
cheers!

Yay!

Hooray!

We're all winners!

Then Sven gave each of the four  
Mouselets a special  
miceking helmet  
for driving off the  
dragons.

the villagers  
cried.

And then (at last), we were  
eat!

It really was  
a

fabumouse  
feast, and  
when  
every crumb was eaten, th-

broke  
out into  
**festive dancing**  
around  
the  
banquet table. By the time I  
and  
slipped under the covers, I was  
a  
**clam**  
in        its  
shell.  
I was so  
**proud**

of the Shield

Mouselets for working together  
though I hadn't earned a  
miceking  
helmet

yet, I was still happy. I had  
made a secret pact with a dragon  
lived to

not

tell a soul about it (because  
“so says Sven the Shouter!”)

But that's another  
miceking story for  
another day!

Good night!

it's a

secret

). So I was content. Plus,  
I knew that I would earn a

miceking

helmet

sooner or  
later!

Beastgard

Yawning

Cove

Forest of a

Thousand

Scales

Gullet Valley

Mouseborg

Feargard

Miceking

island

Oofadale

Helpful Hills

Don't miss any  
adventures of  
the Micekings!

Up  
Next:

Be sure  
to  
read all  
my  
fabumouse  
adventures!





Don't miss  
any of my  
special edition  
adventures!

Dear mouse friend,  
thanks for reading  
and good-  
until  
the next  
book!



WHO IS

# Geronimo Stilton

SCHOLASTIC

APPEALS TO  
READING LEVEL

2

ND

-4

TH

GRADERS

GRADE 4

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## stay strong, geronimo

Geronimo Stiltonord has been selected to compete in the Royal Shield Mouselet Mega Challenge, a competition for female miceking warriors. But all the contestants are so good, it's impossible to choose just one winner! Even worse, everyone is distracted by the c

the  
dragons launch a surprise attack! Will  
micekings be able to defend  
home?

He is a mouseking — the Geronimo Stilton

of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waterfalls to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!

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